

Free-To-Sub

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30076914) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30076914>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Power Dynamics , Face-Fucking , Public Blow Jobs , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sugar Daddy , Dream continues to be a little shit , His ego is huge , Hand Jobs
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of GeorgeNotFound OnlyFans
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-16 Words: 3396

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Summary

“That’s what you’re wearing right now?”

“Right now.” George hummed. “Because you were a good boy and booked my flight on time, just the way I like it.”

“So what happens when you get here? Since I’ve been so good.”

“Keep being good and find out.”

Notes

someone asked for a sequel so.

also yes you 100% probably need to read part one to get this.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Free-To-Sub

“I just sent you the flight information.” Dream said. He sat back in his chair and ran his fingers through his messy blonde hair. It had grown out more than he meant it over the last few weeks. “So you get here on Thursday. And then you leave in exactly three weeks.”

“And where am I sitting on both flights?” George’s voice floated through the speakers of Dream’s PC, the discord audio call sitting on Dream’s second monitor.

“First class.” Dream said. “And not like that ‘comfort plus’ bullshit, like actual first class. Like they serve a meal on the plane and it’s actual good food.”

“Good boy.” George said, his voice becoming breathy. “Check your phone.”

Dream yanked his phone out of his pocket. There was a photo of George’s dick, hard and peaking out from a periwinkle pantyless garter belt. He looked back up to his PC. “That’s what you’re wearing right now?”

“Right now.” George hummed. “Because you were a good boy and booked my flight on time, just the way I like it.”

“So what happens when you get here? Since I’ve been so good.”

“Keep being good and find out.”

It had been thirty-seven days since Dream was caught by George for snooping on his OnlyFans.

And now, in three more days, George would be in the United States with him.

Their friendship had evolved into something both wondrously complicated and yet so perfectly simple. Dream wanted George, and George wanted money. And so they made transactions.

Of course, under the layers of confusing sexual exploration was a lot of genuine love and care. It wasn’t ever spoken about, but they both knew what they felt and why they felt it. They both were happy with the arrangement, for many reasons. And they both knew it could stop whenever they wanted it to. But it could also go on for as long as they wanted it to.

If it was up to Dream, he would want this forever. Realistically, he couldn’t make sense of forever, but he could make sense of George.

And how hot George’s body was.

Just the idea of George being in person with him was enough to make Dream pop a boner. He realized he would definitely need to jack off before grabbing him from the airport just to make sure he didn’t completely embarrass himself within the first five minutes of even being near his best friend.

He did embarrass himself when he saw George, but it wasn’t because he jizzed in his pants. It was because he was totally speechless seeing him in person and tripped because he was too distracted by looking at George’s eyes. He would have been humiliated but it made George laugh, so it was okay.

George kissed him first. Dream probably won’t have been strong enough to do it first. It was a nice kiss. At least, that’s what Dream assumed it was. He probably blacked out, because he didn’t even remember a second of it. He was quite bitter about that fact, but whatever. There were more important things than just a first kiss waiting for him.

It had been forty days since Dream was caught, after all. That's forty days of endless sexual tension building, with testosterone pulsing through both of their veins.

It was time.

It was *their* time.

But George went to bed early and gave Dream only a small kiss on the forehead before getting comfortable in Dream's bed. Dream slept on the couch, alone, in his own home. He spent the whole night staring at the ceiling, palming at his dick, and wondering what the hell happened.

The next day, Dream helped George unpack his one little bag before taking them out to eat. Dream tried to hold George's hand, but he dodged it. He scooted away from affection. But when Dream did anything, George always thanked him with a kiss. It was always soft, and gentle, and it warmed Dream from his toes to his scalp. The kisses were wonderful.

But they were rare.

"Can I ask you something?" Dream glanced at George out of the corner of his eyes.

George nodded. "Shoot."

"Well...You're staying for like. A month. And you literally only brought a backpack, so what's your plan when it comes to clothes?"

"I guess we'll just have to go to the mall."

"The mall?" Dream sneered in disgust. "Florida malls are basically just big STD ponds."

"I thought that's what the pools were." George said.

"The pools are flesh-eating bacteria breeding grounds. There's a difference. Your skin might melt off, but you won't get chlamydia."

"Well. Small blessings, yeah?" George chuckled. Dream looked over at George's smiling face and he felt his face flushing. He turned away before he could be called a loser. "But no. I'm being serious. The mall. Let's go."

"And get what?"

"Anything I want." George looked out the window. "Duh."

That night, Dream took the couch again and George took his bed again. This time, George walked around in just boxers for an hour before bed. Dream couldn't prove that it was on purpose - mainly because a look of disdain and mischief was George's resting face - but Dream was almost ninety-nine percent sure that George was doing this to rile him up before not touching him.

All Dream got was a chaste, small kiss on the lips.

So far, that was two nights. Two nights without any touching. Two nights without anything.

Dream didn't want to be the selfish douchebag that complained about not getting his dick wet - because, honestly, that wasn't the problem. He had more self-control than that. It wasn't about the *sex*. The issue was that Dream was well aware that *this was a game*. He wasn't stupid. It was a game, and he was losing. George wasn't going to give him a thing until he *earned* it. And that's what pissed him off so much.

George was being a brat.

Unluckily for George - or possibly luckily for George - Dream had a short fuse.

“I want that.” George pointed through the window of a Gucci outlet. They had walked around the entire mall and George had only ever sighed like some moody Victorian teenager. He was utterly bored with everything they came across, and that was *not* a good thing for Dream. George not being excited equalled Dream not getting to touch him. And that had to change.

“We go through this whole mall and you literally want the most expensive store?”

George nodded. “Naturally.” He turned to Dream and shot him a heavy-lidded look of lust. “Is that going to be a problem?”

That look went straight to Dream’s dick. “Not at all, babe.”

They entered the store and George was quickly swept away into a world of fashion that Dream completely didn’t understand. He didn’t even really like the clothes George was buying. But they looked good on him. And the price tag alone was making George’s eyes glitter brighter and brighter.

Every single time a new piece of clothes was brought out or pulled into a dressing room, George would flash it to Dream for approval. It wasn’t genuine approval - because George would wear whatever he wanted no matter what - but it was the type of approval that subtly reminded Dream that he was the boss. He was the wallet.

The sales guy, though, didn’t seem to get that.

He wasn’t afraid of touching George’s back or shoulder when showing him clothes. His eyes kept drawing downwards, and George just didn’t seem to want to stop him. The man seemed to have no sense of boundaries, and George had no sense of self-preservation.

It was gross.

Dream did notice that the smile George gave the man was different than the one he often saw. It was plastic. Because that was the boundary, wasn’t it? This was his show smile. That guy was just another client.

Even though that was fantastic reassurance, Dream still felt a weird anger in the idea that this man assumed he could just *have* George when Dream was *right there*. OnlyFans was different. 404.exe was a faceless, nameless entity that men fawned over. It was George, authentically so, but there was the line between persona and man that was easy, clear and defined.

George wasn’t in lingerie. George was in his normal clothes. This man didn’t want George’s body, or his sex work, or his show. This man wanted *George*. This man was touching *George*’s shoulder, and looking at *George*’s eyes, and licking his lips at *George*’s laugh.

George was glowing. Dream was steaming.

George offhandedly said once a few days ago that he found possessiveness attractive. That was all the information Dream needed to form his hasty little plan.

“Okay. I think I’ve picked.”

“All that shit?” Dream motioned at the large pile forming on the bench of the dressing room. The

noise outside the dressing room indicated that at least two new groups had entered the store. Dream could hear the voice of that sale's guy, and each syllable filled him with a trickle of bitter rage.

George rolled his eyes. "Yes, all of it. It all fit." He pulled back on his original jeans.

"You've got to pay me in advance for something that expensive."

George scoffed. "Oh, really?" He chuckled. He wasn't taking Dream seriously.

"Yeah. Especially after that jerk was all over you."

George straightened up. "He wasn't all over me. He was just...being polite." He was choosing his words carefully.

"Polite? Yeah, sure." Dream reached down and unzipped his jeans. The action made George's eyebrows shoot up. "You're going to blow me. Here." He whispered.

"Here?" George looked appalled. "We're in an STD pool, remember?"

"You want all that stupid designer shit?" Dream said. He pulled his already hard cock out of his boxers. "Then I better start feeling the back of your throat."

George looked like he wanted to put up more of a fight. Maybe in another world, where he also hadn't been depriving himself for two days, he would have played up his bitchiness enough to cause an actual struggle. But he dropped to his knees pretty easily.

But that was *too* easy for Dream. Maybe it was because he was a Leo, or maybe it was because he was clouded by hormones, but he wanted to dominate.

He pushed George back, away from him, forcing him to scoot until his spine was pressed against the wall of the dressing room. George was resisting, letting out little whimpers and muttering something biting and sarcastic. But Dream didn't listen. Once he had George against the wall, he stuck two fingers in his mouth, interrupting some sassy remark before prying his jaw open. He forced George's tongue flat in his mouth, then forced his manhood in. He entered George slowly, savoring the feeling of his weight against George's delicate pink tongue. It felt exactly how he imaged it would. He fit in just the way he dreamed of.

"I saw the way you smiled at that jerk." Dream muttered. "Try smiling with a cock in your mouth."

He braced himself against the wall with both of his wide hands and thrust hips. George's head knocked against the beige wall over and over and over, forcing desperate noises out of him as he tried to catch his breath. George's nails dug into Dream's thighs through his jeans, and his palms weakly tried to push him away. But for all he tried to do escape, he certainly wasn't putting in the elbow grease. His tongue was putting in a lot more eager work than his hands.

But Dream must have been too rough with the smaller man, because he had to hurry to pull out when he felt George's throat get warm and heard him gagging.

George fell forward, coughing. "Jesus, Dream..." He sputtered.

"I can't believe you almost fucking threw up on me." Dream scoffed. He stepped back and looked down at him. "I've seen you take ten inch dildos down your throat for, like, hundreds of dudes but *this*? This is where you draw the line?"

"You're wider than most of my toys, okay?" George spat. "Congrats, you have a big dick, can we fucking move on?"

"Well, I'm not done. So get used to it." Dream said. His voice shifted from mocking to low and predatory. "You want those sweaters, don't you?"

George looked up at him. His face was unreadable, but his eyes exposed a vulnerability and hunger that Dream just *needed* to see more of. George nodded.

"You want that belt?"

George nodded again.

"You want to look all dressed up and nice for me? You want to look so shiny and expensive that all these gross older douches like that worker guy totally lose it over you?"

"Yeah." He said breathlessly.

"Then open wide."

George parted his lips and stuck his tongue out. His lips were swollen and his eyes were streaming tears. Dream rubbed the head of his cock along George's bottom lip, and George lapped at it in response. In that moment, Dream decided that George's mouth was handcrafted by God himself exclusively for sucking dick. He wasn't religious, but he would totally find time to thank whoever made this twink just for him. Maybe he would even text a thank you to George's mom.

"You look like a fucking whore." Dream cooed. He grabbed the back of George's head and yanked him forward until his cock completely filled his mouth again. He thrust once. Twice. And then he finally came with a low groan.

George pushed against Dream's thighs, but Dream didn't release him until he had ridden out his entire orgasm. His hips stuttered and bucked, the head of his cock smearing forty-eight hours worth of cum all the way down George's throat. Dream had never blown a load that big in his life. He felt like he lost a part of his soul.

When he pulled out, George gagged and saliva mixed with stringy white dripped from his lips. When he reached up to wipe it away, Dream grabbed his hand.

"No." Dream shook his head. "I want you to be next to me when I check out with that shit on your face. I want that jackass at the front to know you had to work for it."

George shot him a *look*. That *look* was dangerous. Dream knew he was totally going to get slapped for this later. If he didn't wake up with his head shaved bald, then he would wake up with his dick cut off. And he would probably deserve it.

George checked out with Dream's credit card. Dream stood next to him, his inflated ego absolutely radiating as the sales guy glanced from George's lips to Dream's face. George licked up the last dribble of cum as he was handed the shopping bag full of his new folded belongings. "Thank you, love." George smiled tightly. His voice was hoarse.

"Of course." The guy said back. "Have, uh...Have a lovely afternoon."

Dream's first step out of the store shattered whatever illusion he had built in his head. His confidence fell to the ground in a million pieces and became sand under his tennis shoes. He started to furiously stim with his keys in his pocket as he made a beeline for the mall exit. Had he fucked

up? Would George be mad at him? Maybe he was too rough. Maybe he was too mean. He looked over his shoulder, and George *seemed* to be fine. But was he?

It wasn't until they both got into the car when Dream finally whipped around. "Are you mad at me?" He asked, a bit too loudly and a bit too quickly.

George paused putting his bag in the backseat. "What?"

"Are you mad? Was that bad in there?" Dream stuck his keys in his car and leaned back in his seat.

"...Dream, why would it have been bad?" George chuckled. He reached over and placed a hand on Dream's shoulder. "I would have told you if I didn't like it. Did I tell you to stop?"

"...No."

"Then it was good." George squeezed Dream's shoulder before taking his arm back. "You of all people should know that I'm not afraid to be a total bitch. So trust my words, okay?" He leaned across the center console and planted a chaste kiss on Dream's cheek. "But I will say that you owe me a nice meal for that. I have a bad taste in my mouth."

"Oh, come on." Dream chuckled. He hesitated, words dying on his tongue, and George noticed.

"What is it?" The brunette asked.

Dream reached over with a large hand and placed it on George's thigh. "Can I take care of you too? Since you did that for me?"

George straightened up. "Right now?"

Instead of verbally responding, Dream moved his hand up and cupped George's half-hard bulge through his jeans.

"Right now?" George hissed, looking out the car window. "But what if someone sees? You already probably got us a lifetime ban from the fucking Gucci store!"

Dream held up his phone and switched to the camera app. "What if I want people to see?" He pressed record. "Can you pull out your dick for me, buddy?"

"I don't know *what* kind of power trip you are on today, but you owe me big time!" George's mouth was spewing bratty bullshit, but his hands were fighting to get his ever-hardening member out of his pants as fast as possible.

"Don't worry, you'll get your money back." Dream chuckled. "Because we're going to make a quick little video, and you're going to post it to your OnlyFans tonight."

George looked up at him in shock. "What?"

"Yep." Dream held out his hand. "Spit in it."

George sneered. "Excuse me?"

"Do you want any kind of lube or do you want a friction burn on your dick?" Dream asked. "Spit in my hand."

George did. A bit of stray drool made his lips shine like gloss. And then Dream got to work, pumping him up and down, slowly talking and driving George mad until his entire body was bright

pink.

George would have been embarrassed at how quick he came on any other day. But Dream knew he had been waiting for this, too. He had been holding back since he landed. He had been just as desperate as Dream. George threw his head back, let out one final high pitched whine, and then painted Dream's hand with his cum.

Dream held his hand up. "Lick it. But don't swallow."

George was too exhausted to glare at Dream the way he wanted to. He did as he was told, and was rewarded by a deep, wet kiss. Dream and George's tongues spread around George's cum until both of them were overwhelmed by the bittersweet taste of George's pleasure.

And Dream's ego was fully inflated by the idea that all of George's precious simps would see this. Dream was the winning simp, as pathetic as that sounded, and he was proud of his title. He stopped recording and kissed George one last time. George bit down and made Dream's lip bleed.

They both sat back in their chairs and caught their breaths while staring at a crowd of people walking through the parking lot. After a minute of silence, Dream turned to George. "Are you actually going to post it?"

"I would like to. Without audio. And heavily edited."

"Was that too much?"

George broke out into laughter. "Did I say it was too much?"

"No."

"Then no." George's face was uncharacteristically soft as he turned to Dream and smiled. "I promise, Dream. I enjoy myself with you. You're enjoyable. You aren't doing anything wrong." His eyes looked Dream up and down, and Dream realized that something behind George's eyes had changed. It went away just as quickly as it had shown up, but Dream wouldn't forget that he saw it.

"Okay." Dream sighed. "In that case, let's go get some lobster."

George perked up. "Oh?"

"Yeah."

"Context?"

"A nice dinner. To get the bad taste out of *both* of our mouths."

"Shut up!" George slapped Dream on the shoulder, Dream laughed, and then their car pulled out of the lot.

End Notes

yay useless porn

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